

Envy by trololonasty

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Summary:

They were sitting on the porch of the Byers' house, and life was slowly going back to the way it was, but only few things remained the same.

Envy

Author's Note:

- A translation of [Повод для зависти](#) by [trololonasty](#).

“I envy you,” Nancy confessed out of blue.

They were sitting idly on the porch of the Byers’ house while the boys were carrying out another game campaign inside. Based on cries and shouts they heard from there occasionally, it wasn’t particularly safe to go into the living room any time soon. Not that the meaning of “safe” was the same as before now, after they had to face the Upside Down reality, but to be honest, few things were.

They’d managed to save Will, and that was what was important. Slowly, life started to go back to normal – at least, to some extent – and the cheerful sound of the boys’ voices from inside the house only helped to verify it. The fact that Nancy Wheeler sat beside Jonathan Byers saying that she envied him was, on the other hand, confirmation that everything wasn’t really back to the way it was before.

Amazed, he looked at her tacitly, unsure how to respond to her sudden confession. Why would she envy *him*, really? For all it’s worth, it was him who should be envious of her. And to tell the truth, he was.

“I mean it,” she added when she didn’t get any reaction to make sure that he realized that she was serious.

“But... why?” he wondered finally, voicing his doubts. “You have everything one can dream of.”

Sometimes Nancy couldn’t quite believe his naivety. Like right now, for instance, when he thought that her life was perfect – or close to perfection, at the very least – just because the Wheelers were supposed to be a happy family or because a popular guy from school had taken a liking to her. She was sure that he knew her better than that by now so she couldn’t really wrap her head around it. Was his

judgement clouded with his affection to her or was he just generally being kind?

“I wish I were such a great sibling to Mike as you are to Will. And Mike would agree. I bet he’ll gladly exchange me for you,” she explained, trying to lighten the mood by adding a joke but feeling stupid and insecure.

However, it was true. Jonathan was way cooler with all that sibling stuff than her. The only news here was that she never used to care about that before. But after everything they’d been through lately, she realized, probably for the first time in her life, that her brother needed her because she was now one of the very few who could understand him. She was *there* and saw it. And it was definitely an essential experience.

“You *are* great,” Jonathan set to reassure her, feeling awkward, not knowing how to get rid of that awkwardness other than to return the compliment. That didn’t mean he didn’t really think so, though. “You’re smart, funny and you’re hunting monsters. You are great, Nancy. Greater than anybody I know.”

When he finished, he was even more embarrassed than when he started. He punched himself mentally a couple of times, wishing to be able to express himself more neatly. With her so close to him, he always felt his freakiness progress to an enormous extent. But they had spent so much time with each other lately that he almost got used to it.

Now, it was Nancy’s turn to blush. Those awkward and sweet moments were very Jonathan-like. She adored them so much.

“I used to be cool, though, according to him,” she chuckled, changing the topic a bit, and tilted her head to take a look at him. “Four years ago or so, before puberty hit me and I became a completely stuck-up, sucking-for-attention bitch.”

Jonathan’s eyes widened. He wasn’t sure whether he should regard this as a joke or she was being serious.

“Mike couldn’t say that to you,” he was finally able to find some

neutral words to react.

Nancy just raised an eyebrow and shrugged.

“I quoted,” she said and then laughed. “They are sometimes too straightforward, aren’t they?”

“That’s one way to put it...” Jonathan muttered, stretching the sleeves of his jacket over his hands, but couldn’t stop himself from laughing with her. “I’m sure he doesn’t know what half of these words mean.”

“I really hope so,” Nancy replied with a grin. “Or else I’ll have to have a serious talk with him and I have a feeling we both won’t like it very much.”

“I can imagine,” he agreed, still hearing her laugh in his head, submerging in it. “But I still think it should be me who envies you, not the other way around.”

Nancy looked at him questioningly as if she wanted to make him continue and finish his thought without saying it out loud.

“I lack something very important you have.”

“And what is it?” she inquired.

“You,” a simple answer followed.

They were sitting on the porch of the Byers’ house, and life was slowly going back to the way it was, but only few things remained the same, and if Nancy Wheeler sitting beside Jonathan Byers was the new normal, they didn’t mind it at all.

“This is where you’re mistaken, Jonathan. There has been no reason for you to envy me for a long time.”

Author's Note:

Full disclosure: I'm not a native speaker and it's the first time I've tried to write something in English. In fact, it's a translation of one of my works but

whatever. I just needed some new activity to distract myself a little. So, if there are any mistakes, they're all my own.